

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Where is the Flag of England?

BY REV. J. P. HUTCHINSON.

The following spirited poem, by an American writer, is a generous tribute to the British flag, and a prophecy of the much desired moral alliance of the English-speaking races, which would put an end to the Armenian massacres, Russia's persecutions of the Jews, and similar oppressions throughout the world.—*Ex.*

Where is the flag of England?

They ask on every hand,
Some with a bitter hatred,
Some with a loyal stand;
Worshipped almost as a symbol,
Then denounced a rag,
But somehow it still keeps waving on,
Kissing the breeze till its work is done,
That glorious English flag.

Where is the flag of England?

It waves the throne above,
Where a woman reigns by the grace of God,
And a people's boundless love;
Of all the rulers earth now owns,
However the world may brag,
Not one so calm and true is seen,
As the woman, the mother, the gracious Queen,
Enrobed by England's flag.

Where is the flag of England?

It floats on every sea,
Borne by the hands of the bravest men
And waving o'er the free;
It leads the way to the battlefield,
And the armies never lag,
For somehow or other they seem to know
England has conquered every foe,
Led on by that wondrous flag.

Where is the flag of England?

'Tis floating o'er the free,
Protecting every Englishman
Wherever he may be;
The greatest power on earth may not
The humblest subject drag,
Unjustly to a captive's fate
Or it will feel the power tie
Of England's mighty flag.

Where is the flag of England?

Not yet where 'twill be,
Conjoined with the "old glory" grand,
The emblem of the free;
One God, one Christ, one speech, one soul,
The two shall be unfurled
For progress, liberty and right,
For England's fame, Columbia's might,
Shall help and bless the world.
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

WILLFUL EMILY.

"Don't, Miss Emily dear, don't!" I urgently pleaded with the willful young beauty who had so impudently been relieving her mind of certain matters resting somewhat heavily thereon. I was only house-keeper of the Hall, but from long and faithful service, and the fact that the girl who had just thrown herself in such careless grace at my feet had lost her mother when almost too young to remember her, I felt more privileged than perhaps my position otherwise would explain. Not a child of my very own could be nearer my heart than was the spoiled, lovely little mistress of Carlton Grange.

"And why not?" she questioned, in answer to my protest. "I don't love him. I—I hate him."

She was speaking of her cousin Arthur, but as she finished, the head with had borne itself so defiantly, went down on my lap, and the burst of tears which followed his droved the truth of her assertion.

I could but smile as I stroked her pretty, golden-brown hair, while yet her head lay in my lap, at the very April shower which was all of grief my darling had ever known, for, ere I had quite finished my few words of comfort, applied I scarcely knew to what, she had once more sprung to her feet and in a few moments I could hear her sweet voice carolling through the halls. Then under my window I heard the imperative order to the groom: "Saddle Bess, Tom, and bring her round at once."

"She's hardly fit to ride, Miss, this afternoon," the man respectfully answered. "She's skittish at the best of time, and she's been so long unused I'm afraid she'll prove too much for you."

"All the better," was the reckless answer. "Bring her round at once."

Glancing from my window as the voice reached my ear, I saw Mr. Arthur sauntering up the walk. He quickened his pace a little, as he overheard the discussion, saying, very quietly, as he approached:

"Surely Emily, you will not be so rash as to mount Bess to-day?" You must not think of such a thing.

The girl turned haughtily toward him, surveying him a moment in silence; then, as though remark were unnecessary, turned again to the groom:

"Do as you are bid, Tom. I will now dress—"

"Emily, for my sake!" I heard him say in a low tone, but the con-

test of the morning in which her will had been forced to bend made her determined now.

"You are detaining me, Mr. Trafford," she answered. "I shall have barely time for my ride."

"You must not, Emily; indeed you must not. My uncle would not wish it, and in his absence I must prevent it."

The color flamed like a crimson rose into the young girl's cheek.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, stamping her little foot. "How dare you speak so to me? If you have ever considered yours the right, it is cancelled from the moment. Heaven help the woman you would make your wife! She would be your slave. Give her my warmest sympathies, Mr. Trafford; I cannot offer my congratulations."

The young man's face flushed hotly, and he shrank from the word as from a blow, but he had no time to answer, for Miss Emily had already flown past him into the house, and I saw him turn and walk slowly to the stables.

In a few seconds more the groom brought the prancing animal: holding firmly to the bit while Miss Emily sprang lightly into the saddle. She seemed such a very feather to manage the spirited horse, yet I could not help the thrill of pride as I watched the tiny hands bring her into such quick subjection, and the straight, little young figure sitting her seat to such perfection.

The groom stood watching her anxiously down the avenue, but I was not surprised when she had once disappeared from view although greatly relieved to see Mr. Arthur leap into the saddle and follow her. I know, himself unseen, he had determined to keep her in sight, and I somehow felt safer to know she was in his charge. Cruel as had been her words, he loved her too well to heed them at such a time.

The afternoon slowly passed away. What was it that caused such a shadow of dread to creep over my heart? Somehow, I could not shake it off. From time to time I would steal away from my other duties into my darling's room, where everything so reminded me of her, picking up the articles she had thrown round in her careless haste, and when all was in order, looking for something else to do to detain me in the spot. Yet I would not acknowledge the real extent and reason of my uneasiness, even to myself until the sound of horse's hoofs suddenly lifted the load I had unconsciously been carrying and brought me with almost a cry of thanksgiving to the window. Yes, there was my darling's blue habit fluttering in the breeze. She had returned unhurt, but the excitement must have been too great for her strength, for, even from where I stood, I could but note the deathly pallor of her face, and hastened down to meet her.

Ere I reached her side, I saw two of the men, in obedience to some hastily-issued commands, spring into their saddle and ride rapidly down the avenue. Then in another moment Miss Emily lay almost fainting in my arms.

"Oh, Nanna," she exclaimed. "I have killed him, and he will never know how dearly I love him."

I almost carried the poor child to my room and laid her on the sofa, noting, as I did so, the two or three bright red stains upon her habit. What did they portend?

From time to time low moans escaped her half-parted lips, and I could but contrast her with the bright, willful girl who had ridden off a few brief hours before so full of hope and happiness. And then, in broken words she told me the story. How at a sudden turn in the road, she had caught sight of Mr. Arthur following her and in very perverseness of spirit touched lightly with her whip the animal which needed restraint rather than urging, then turned her head in the direction of the pits, a foad at any time dangerous, but now, madened by the touch of the whip, the mare had taken the bit between her teeth, and the little hands clenching the reins were powerless. Mr. Arthur saw her peril, and putting spurs to the horse, in reckless

defiance of harm to himself, had put him to the leap, endeavoring, by leaving the road, to head her off and seize her reins. It was a race for life. A heap of stones lay upon the road. On one side there was barely room for a single horse to pass. Could he reach that first, he might save her. There was no time to question. By an effort almost superhuman he directed his horse to the pass, and seized the bridle which now lay powerless in her grasp. The mare swerved back, his own horse plunged, and in some way, how, she could not tell, he lay beneath the maddened animal's feet, his head striking on the cruel stones. The shock had brought the mare to reason, which now stood still and trembling. But Arthur had saved her life by giving his.

The physicians gave us little hope at first, however, and it was pitiful to watch Miss Emily steal in and out of the room where he lay so white and still and suffering. All her old willfulness had gone now, and I could see how her heart was centred in him, but at last we knew the best and the worst. "Life would be spared, but Mr. Arthur would be a cripple for life."

"Through me, Nanna—all through me," she moaned forth when she heard it.

I was busy one day in my room (I think they scarcely knew I was there) when Arthur called her to his side.

"I want to say something to you, Emily," he began; "something which has been a long time on my mind. You must not reproach yourself for this. You must not let it interfere some day with your giving your love to a man more worthy of it, and you must remember no one will rejoice more than I in your happiness."

For a moment she stood still, her cheeks flushing and paling; then she threw herself at his feet. "Oh, Arthur," she exclaimed, "will you not take me? Have you learned so to hate me that all the old lore is gone?"

"Gone!" he answered, stroking the bright hair. "Emily, can a man part with that which has become part of his soul?"

"Arthur she whispered softly; then I stole from the room, knowing my presence would be missed, and sure my darling would win her cause. Nor do I think in the many happy years which then have rolled along, either has ever regretted that for once and the last time Miss Emily had her willful way.—*New York Ledger.*

Mrs. Lucy Adelaide Myers.

Mrs. Myers peacefully passed away on the afternoon of June 28th, and was borne by angels to Paradise.

She was born in the City of New York, on the 12th of March, 1833. In due time she became a pupil of the New York Institution, under Dr. Harvey P. Peet. She won the love and esteem of her teachers and fellow pupils, and graduated with honor. She was baptized confirmed and received to the Holy Communion in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, as Lucy Adelaide Bonghton. On the second of October, 1860, she was united in marriage to Mr. William H. Meyers, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. This couple of well-educated deaf-mutes had a long and happy life at their home in Brooklyn. But at length Mrs. Myers was stricken with an incurable disease. Some months ago she received the Holy Communion at the hands of Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, and some time afterwards two pastoral visits from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. She became perfectly calm and peaceful, putting her trust in the promises of God through her compassionate Saviour Jesus Christ. Her funeral services were held at her home, 549 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, June 30th, at 8 p.m. The next day the body was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. The Rev. Mr. Pease and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated at the funeral. We hope and pray that God will comfort the sorrowing husband and all the mourning relatives and friends.

DESSERTS FOR WARM WEATHER.

That any one should ever tire of desserts of fresh fruit served with sugar and cream, seems remarkable to the genuine fruit lover. Nevertheless people do grow weary even of strawberries *au naturel*, and demand that at least they shall be presented in fresh combinations. The first expression of this desire is seen in the appearance of strawberry shortcake.

HOW TO MAKE SHORTCAKE.

This is made by rubbing two tablespoonfuls of butter into two cupfuls of flour, adding to it a half teaspoonful of salt and a full teaspoonful of baking-powder, moistening this with a scant cupful of milk and working with as little handling as possible into a dough. This should be rolled out about an inch thick, cut into a round and baked in a quick oven fifteen minutes, or until thoroughly done. Then take it from the oven, pull it in two (never cut it) and fill with capped and sweetened berries, slightly crushed. Another layer of berries should go on top of the cake. It should be eaten warm, with cream and sugar.

NEW YORK SHORTCAKE.

There is still another variety of shortcake which deserves to be better known. This is made by adding a beaten egg to the dough for which the recipe has just been given, dividing this and covering the bottom of a baking pan with half of it. Over this uncooked dough should be spread a thick layer of raspberries or blackberries, or better still of blueberries, huckleberries. Sprinkle these plentifully with sugar, cover then with the remainder of the dough and bake to a good brown in a steady oven. When done the shortcake should be cut into squares, and each person should split his own piece and treat it with butter and sugar before eating it. Sliced peaches or apples may be used in place of the berries when these are out of season.

Any one of these dishes, made with a shortcake dough, is more wholesome than pies. Yet, since some people absolutely demand fruit pies and refuse substitutes, it may be said that those made in the English fashion, like tarts, with only a top crust, are far more wholesome than those with a bottom crust, which is almost sure to be soggy and indigestible.

"Berries in ambush" is another delicious dish. For this line a glass dish with slices of stale sponge cake and moisten them thoroughly with milk or cream. On the cake lay the fruit, strawberries or raspberries, or when these are out of season, sliced peaches, and sprinkle them with powdered sugar. Heap whipped cream over this in such a way as to conceal the fruit entirely.

CUSTARDS AND CREAMS.

There is little time during the summer when fruit of some kind is not plentiful and cheap. Occasionally there will be a little difficulty in getting it in country districts, and at such times one should turn to custards, creams and whips rather than to the heavier puddings that are usually the standbys in winter. Home-made charlotte russe is easily prepared and always popular. Whip a pint of cream light and add to it one-third of a box of gelatine which has been soaked in cold water for an hour and dissolved in a very little boiling water. To this add a cupful of powdered sugar, a little at a time. Line an ordinary brick-bread pan with lady fingers or sliced sponge cake, and then pour in the filling. Set it aside in a cold place for several hours, until the whip is firm. Turn out on a flat dish.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

He Would Not Care.

"What would our wives say if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a Liverpool clipper, feeling his way along the banks of Newfoundland in a thick fog. "I wouldn't mind what they said," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."—*London Household Words.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. CORRESPONDENCE.

During the celebration of La Fiesta, in Los Angeles, last Easter, the Rev. Job Turner again made his appearance in the city. He remained over three weeks with us, helping Lay Reader Thomas Widd, and conducted three services and Holy Communion in St. John's, St. Paul's and Christ Churches. Before departing for Berkeley and San Francisco, a reception was given to him at the residence of T. Widd, on Vermont Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Twenty-three deaf-mutes and several hearing friends were entertained by Mrs. Widd and Miss Wood and Mrs. Norman V. Lewis. Addresses were given by Rev. Job Turner, Mr. Widd and others, on the work of the associations for the deaf, after which refreshments were served and a hymn rendered in signs by Alexander Houghton. The gathering dispersed with the benediction by the venerable missionary.

Among those present were: Mmes. Dean, May, Ward Kingsbury, E. Myers; Misses Huddleston, Shirom, Katie Widd; Messrs. Dean, Houghton, Reckweg, Lane, Taylor, W. Ward, Rollin Wells, Faulkner, Newton Parsons, Lewis.

On Rev. Job Turner's return from San Diego, he went to San Francisco for a few days, holding services there and at the State Institution at Berkeley. He then returned east via Los Angeles.

DEAF-MUTES—KEEP OFF THE TRACK.

A deaf-mute, a graduate of the Berkeley School, named Francis Stewart, undertook to walk from San Pedro to Los Angeles on the track, to see La Fiesta, and was struck by a train of the Southern Pacific track near Cerritos Station, this morning, and received injuries which proved fatal.

At 8.15 A.M., when within about seven miles of San Pedro, Engineer Ortiz, of a freight train *en route* here from Los Angeles, saw a man walking along the track, outside of the rails, some distance ahead. He sounded a warning whistle, but the pedestrian made no motion to get out of the way. When it became apparent that he either failed to hear the approaching train or was deliberately unmindful of it, the air-brakes were applied, but the momentum of the long train was such that the locomotive could not be stopped before it was upon the man, who proved to be Stewart, a deaf-mute.

The unfortunate fellow was struck on the right side and thrown about seven feet, falling outside of the rails, so his body was not mangled. When picked up by Conductor Kinney and two brakemen he was still alive, but unconscious. They carried him into the passenger coach at the rear of the train, and when Wilmington was reached a telegram was sent to Dr. Weldon, here, to meet the train at San Pedro. When the train arrived here, Dr. Weldon was on hand, and had the injured man removed to his (Stewart's) home. A heart-breaking scene ensued when Mrs. Cornack (Stewart's mother) saw her son borne into the house in a dying condition. He was injured internally and never recovered consciousness. He lingered only about two hours after being struck.

Stewart was in his twenty-fifth year, and although deaf and dumb, was bright and active and well thought of here. The Coroner has been notified and is expected to arrive some time to-morrow to hold an inquest. No blame attaches to the engineer, as he gave the usual warning and apparently did all in his power to avoid the accident.

While the sad event is generally lamented, it seems to be the unanimous opinion that Stewart himself was to blame for walking on the track, knowing his infirmity.

A RARE TREAT TO THE DEAF.

During Easter week, the deaf-mutes of Los Angeles enjoyed a rich and rare treat, through the kindness of the Rev. Hackett Smith, the famous Cambridge Egyptologist, now staying in Los Angeles. Mr. Widd, knowing of Mr. Smith's interest in the deaf of London, asked him to show similar interest to the deaf-mutes here,

by giving them permission to be present at his lectures on "Ancient Egypt, and How Men Lived 7000 Years Ago," which he promptly agreed to do, and offered them free admission. A capital interpreter for the occasion was secured in Miss Shrom, a teacher from West Pennsylvania Institution, then sojourning in Los Angeles for her health. She translated the lectures and explained the illustrations in most graphic pantomime, as they were delivered by the eloquent and learned lecturer. The deaf-mutes learned how Moses went to college and studied before he led the Israelites out of Egypt, and how the pyramids were built and for what purposes. The twenty-five deaf-mutes who were present enjoyed the instructive lectures almost as much as the large audience of hearing people, who divided their attention between the lecturer and Miss Shrom. They declared the pantomime of the lady helped greatly to make the whole entertainment much more interesting than it otherwise would have been. A hearty vote of thanks was given by the deaf-mutes to the Rev. Hackett Smith.

It will be well if those interested in the deaf elsewhere, would try to get the lecturer to allow them to be present and have his lectures interpreted for their benefit in other cities, when he moves East after his sojourn in Southern California.

Speaking of Los Angeles, Dr. Smith said:

"It is one of the most beautiful cities I have ever seen. I had the pleasure of seeing the last two days of La Fiesta, and must say that it compares most favorably with similar events held at Nice. Southern California has much the same climate as Palestine, and reminds me very much of the latter place. The fruits are the same, the flowers very similar, and the general aspect of the mountains here is only an exaggeration of those of Palestine. I have been more than favorably impressed with the country and the people, and should like very much to make this place my permanent home."

Dr. Smith intends to give several lectures during the next two weeks, after which he will go East, visiting the different cities of note on the way.

RECEPTION TO DR. AND MRS. HARMON.

A few days ago a reception was given to Dr. Louis Carlton Harmon and his wife, who have made Los Angeles their home. Dr. Harmon lost his hearing a few years ago, and has taken a great interest in the deaf ever since, learning their signs and finger alphabets, both double and single hand. He told Mr. Widd how he knew of his work in London and in Canada through reading of him in the JOURNAL and other publications, and had followed him in that way for many years, and was glad at last to have an opportunity of meeting him and making personal acquaintance. So in honor of his advent among the deaf in Los Angeles, the reception was got up at Mr. Widd's residence, and a very pleasant time was passed, with refreshments and social conversation. Among those present were: Mesdames Widd, Lewis, Dahl, Harmon, Dean, May, Ward, Kracke, Kingsbury, Misses Huddleston, Widd, Phoebe Adams, May, Dahl, Messrs. Widd, Houghton, "Dahl, Lewis, Llewellyn, Hughes, Taylor, Dean, Reckweg, Kracke, T. Lane, Tim Faulkner and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Kracke gave a party to the deaf at their residence on Clarke Street, during Rev. Job Turner's stay in the city, at which a good many were present in spite of the rain. Mr. and Mrs. Dahl also followed suit with a reception and entertainment, at which Mr. Rollin Wells and Mr. Newton Parsons were present.

A DANGEROUS IMPOSTOR.

A few days ago a young woman, giving her name in writing as Miss Monte Goll, and saying she was a deaf-mute, having lost her hearing a few months ago by sickness, called on Mr. Widd and asked where the school for the "deaf and dum" was, saying she wanted to learn the "dum language." Mr. Widd's suspicion was aroused that

she was an impostor, from the way she wrote the words and the misspelling. She said the Chief of Police had sent her to him and had given her money for car fares, as she had been robbed of her pocket-book and her mother had recently died, leaving her friendless. She professed she had come from St. Louis, Mo.

The police were put on her case to investigate, and they soon learned where the woman lived and the further fact that she could talk faster and better than the detective officers. She was found to be the same woman exposed in the JOURNAL—the notorious Miss Fink, who was helped on to Los Angeles by the police at Columbus, Ohio, and at Denver, out of sympathy on hearing of her heartrending tale. She passed herself off on several tradesmen as Miss Widd, to obtain goods on credit. She was again exposed, and is now supposed to have left the city with a burglar named Wilson, badly wanted here by the police. The public should warn against this impostor.

The Los Angeles Chief of Police has the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL in his desk containing particulars of Miss Fink *alias* Miss Monte Goll, *alias* Mrs. Wilson, and will be glad to hear of her whereabouts.

DIOCESAN CONVENTION.

The Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church, of Los Angeles, began its session when the Rev. Job Turner left for the North. So he was unable to be present. Lay-Reader Widd attended, and the history of the Los Angeles Association of the Deaf, and a report of his mission work for the past year, were read by the Rev. B. W. R. Taylor, rector of St. John's Church, and it was approved of, and ordered printed in full in the Proceedings of the Convention.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

While Mrs. Waddell, her daughter, and her deaf-mute friends were diving in Pasadena, near Los Angeles, a few days ago, their horse took fright and ran away, overturning the carriage. Mrs. Waddell seriously bruised about the head and shoulders, and her friend was also much injured, but the little girl escaped with slight bruises. While they were being attended to at their home, the husband, Mr. Waddell, came in from his ranch also badly injured by a runaway team he was using. His injuries were the worst, and for a time grave fears were entertained for him. It is reported they are all doing well now, and will soon, we trust, be out of doors again, and able to attend to their work.

THE DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.

The services of the Los Angeles Association of the Deaf, conducted by Lay-Reader Widd continue to be held in St. Paul's Church Guild, in a room next to the Bishop's office, and under his grace's patronage and approval. The Bishop and his wife have gone to London to attend the Conference of Bishops at the Lambert Palace. He will probably meet Rev. T. Gallaudet, at the Convention of Deaf-Mute Missionaries and Church Workers in London, and take part in the proceedings. He takes much interest in the work among the deaf. May the good work prosper and increase.

PHILOPOPIUS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., June 25.

Festival at Albany.

The Albany Literary Society has recently been organized, and to mark the beginning of what it is hoped will be a useful and prosperous life, it has been decided to hold a reception and festival on Thursday, July 15th, at the society's rooms in St. Paul's Parish House, Jay Street, Albany. No admission fee will be charged, and every one will be cordially welcome. The presence of deaf people living at a distance from Albany is especially desired. Ice cream and cakes will be served, and a brief literary programme will be arranged. It is hoped that all who can do so will make it a point to be present, and the invitation which the society extends is intended to include each and every one.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God, who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

In his collection of entertaining stories published under the title of "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," Ambrose Bierce makes a deaf and dumb child the hero of a weird story of the battle of Chickamauga. It is a "nocturne in G minor," to apply a musical description, and sufficiently horrifying to meet the demands of the most fastidious reader of hair-raising literature. The boy of six years is playing in the woods a short distance from the scene of the battle. Becoming tired, he falls asleep in a cleft of rock, and during that sleep the conflict rages around him. Being deaf, the rattle of musketry and thunder of cannon do not disturb him. (Mr. Bierce does not know that the vibration would have awakened a "real" deaf boy). After several hours, he opens his eyes and proceeds through the woods. He sees prostrate figures of men on every side in the dusky forest, and those that are moving at all are moving toward a brook, come crawling, some dragging themselves along; some without arms, others with missing legs, and still others with features clotted with blood. He thinks they are playing a game, so he rushes among them to join in their sport. One man on hands and knees he thinks wants to "play horse;" so he jumps astride his back, only to be shaken violently off and to have a face minus a lower jaw turned upon him. Then he places himself in advance of the crawling figures, and waving his wooden sword moves on to the brook. Mr. Bierce, it seems to us, has caught the spirit of the deaf-mute child with greater accuracy than a "secular" writer could have been expected to do. His descriptions of the child's actions show that he has written from personal observation, and his mistakes arise from a lack of knowledge of a deaf child's inner life and methods of thought. The story is well worth reading.

A SUBJECT which received considerable fervent attention from the weary and overworked editors of the little-paper family during the past school year, and which was commented on in their editorial columns with more or less strong language, had reference to the restrictions placed upon them in the choice of subjects for editorial matter and the consequent difficulty with which they met in filling their columns week after week with readable stuff. And this, too, when their contemporaries were, issue after issue, bringing up subjects on which they were privileged to make comment, pick quarrels, poke fun, or otherwise lubricate their fabers. If the little-paper editors had occasion to grumble when everything was working to furnish them with matter, what about the editor who is compelled to grind out his weekly gist when no institution exchanges come to his table and the schools themselves are closed? His lot is anything but pleasant. Then add to these drawbacks the enervating heat of summer in which he must work, and you will have a picture of tribulation beside which the trials of the school-year editors are a picnic.

Deaf Woman Struck by an Express Train.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y., July 6, 1897.—Mrs. Maria Petri, while walking on the railroad track near here this morning, was struck by a locomotive of an express train and hurled some distance. She fell into a ditch at the foot of an embankment.

The conductor ran back when the train was stopped. He expected to find the woman's dead body. He found that she was very much alive and quite able to tell him what she thought of careless railroad men, which she did in a rather vigorous manner.

Mrs. Petri lives some distance from here. She frequently walks to town on the railroad tracks. She is deaf, but appeared to know when a train was approaching on all previous occasions.

She was walking on the track when an express train approached her from behind. The engineer blew his whistle and expected to see her step from the track. He did not realize until it was too late that she was unaware of her peril. Then he reversed his engine and applied power to the air brakes.

The train was moving rapidly when the cow-catcher struck the woman and threw her down the embankment.

The engineer told the conductor that he believed the woman had been killed. The latter was thoroughly surprised when, as he stooped to pick her up, Mrs. Petri arose and scolded him.

Shouted at a Deaf-Mute.

"Slow up there, or I'll run you in!" yelled Bicycle Policeman Oscar Jones to a too-swiftly moving wheelman on Glenmore avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon.

No attention being paid to his order, Jones lifted one foot to a pedal of his machine and bawled, "Hi, there, take it easy, I tell you!" The bicyclist increased his speed. Jones jumped on his wheel and gave chase.

Twice he forced his machine almost within reach of the scorching but both times the latter, without turning his head or showing in any way that he was aware of his pursuer, shot ahead. Out-riden, the policeman resumed speech. His words were expulsive and shouted at every few yards, but the rider in front of him apparently scorned to notice them. At the hill at Milford street the scorching stopped.

The policeman was alongside him in an instant.

"You can't lose Oscar!" said he. The other mopped his face with a red handkerchief and gazed skyward. Jones was getting mad. His remarks, as a rule, are noticed. Cyclists generally give heed to them.

"Say, you—" he began, but two other wheelmen arriving at the moment explained to the irate officer that he was wasting words.

Oscar was indeed "lost." He had been shouting to a deaf-mute. No arrest was made.—*The World.*

ENGAGED.

The engagement of Miss Nellie Buxton to Mr. John B. Herman is announced. Both reside in Buffalo.

MARRIED.

WACKERMAN-STACKEL.
Wednesday, June 30th, 1897, at the home of Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Rochester, Frank Henry Wackerman, of Rochester and Miss Maggie Stackel, of West Henrietta, N. Y.

GIBBS-DEWILLEGAR.

William S. Gibbs, of Rochester, was united in marriage to Miss Arabella Dewillegar, of Albany, N. Y., on June 9th, 1897, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. E. Pangburn, Rev. Dr. McHolmes, of Albany, officiated in the presence of her folks privately. After the ceremony a light wedding dinner was served. After a short wedding trip they will reside in Rochester.

BORN.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Lortie, (nee Miss Hattie Cummings) of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., on the 29th, a lovely boy weighing 9½ pounds. Mother and child doing well.

SERVICES IN THE DIOCESE OF ALBANY.

SUNDAY, JULY 11TH.

10:30 A.M., St. Paul's Troy, morning Prayer.
3:00 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady, evening Prayer.
7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany, evening Prayer.

SUNDAY, JULY 12TH.

10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy, morning Prayer.
8:00 P.M., St. Ann's, Amsterdam, evening Prayer.
7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany, evening Prayer.

The Albany Literary Society meets in St. Paul's Parish House, on Jay Street, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. All deaf people, whether residing in Albany or not, are cordially welcome.

H. VAN ALLEN, Lay-Missionary.

William H. Green, of Worcester, Mass., has been in Maine on a visit to his many relatives, and will probably remain until next Fall. He has seventeen deaf relatives there.

Mr. Irwin Oppenheimer would like to let his friends know that he is now a student the Royal Academy of Art, in Munich, and is a pupil of Professor C. Seitz. He may remain abroad for a year or two.

THE SILENT STEED.

The Silent Wheelmen had two runs instead of only one—July 4th and 5th, as first intended.

On July 4th, the run was to Bronx Park. The party included eight. There were nine, but an accident befell one—Willie Abrams. He is a novice, never having rode out of doors before. He did well as far as Berkeley Oval—a distance of about eight miles. Here the road is narrow, and a man, seemingly not a good rider, was coming along. Willie, who was riding in a zig-zag way and to the left instead of the right side of the road, ran against him, disabling the stranger's wheel, and damaged his mount too.

Willie is a pupil of "Ted"—that is—working for "Ted," and has also learned many other things besides progress in the "Art of Printing," including "points" on how to ride a wheel.

The readers no doubt remember that "Ted," while riding on the Coney Island path not long ago met with an accident, and his wheel was damaged to the extent of two and a half in Uncle Sam's legal tender dollars.

It seems queer that the pupil should meet with the same kind of an accident as the master, but it is a fact. "Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

After the accident Willie turned back. How he got home I do not know, but "Ted" says that he was working as usual on Tuesday.

Barring the accident narrated above, nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the party.

First the Lorillard's Mansion, now the property of the City of New York (the corporate title of Greater New York), was visited and the party rested themselves for about an hour. The Raeyele was in evidence, and they belonged to Capt. and Mrs. Le Clercq, Ira W. Tyler and the writer, besides a tandem owned by two hearing men.

The scenery here is very fine, and President Soper, who is a lover of nature's freaks as well as that which is grand and imposing, did not overestimate the grandeur of this beautiful park.

Nearby there is an old-fashioned bridge; on this the party were arranged by the Captain, and Mrs. Le Clercq took a group of the same, which turned out to be a very fine picture.

The party, after resting and admiring the surroundings, rode to a small house, such as are found everywhere the wheelmen go, and called the wheelmen's rest. Here lunch was partaken.

The next place the party visited was the rocking stone, and Mrs. Le Clercq again made a snap shot of the party, this time on the stone, whose history is too well known to need description from me.

The party included Capt. and Mrs. Le Clercq, President Soper, Secretary Capelli, Messrs. Martin Glynn, William Long, Theodore I. Lounsbury and Ira W. Tyler.

The run although not a very long one, was pleasant, and all reached their respective homes before sundown.

The second run, July 5th, was to Woodside Park, where the German Deaf-Mute Society held its picnic; but for once I missed a run given by the Silent Wheelmen, and must leave it to "Ted" to describe. Carelessness and ignorance is what prevented me making the run. Carelessness on my part for leaving the oil hole on the hind wheel open, and getting it filled with dust, and ignorance on the part of repair shops—I say shops, because I took it to two. At the first one they consumed two hours, and at the second shop nearly three, and at both they gave it up as a bad job. So I took it down town to the Raeyele New York branch office. It took a boy just two minutes to put it in order.

Damaged?
No, thank you, it works like a clock.

Afterwards as I was spinning towards home, I could not help thinking why repair shops couldn't repair such a trifle.

If a man is riding a wheel is he a wheel?

Yes, of course, he is. If not a wheel, he would be on the ground same as he Willie when ran against the stranger and fell like a log on mother earth. "Ted," see the point?

I am also asked what benefit is derived in joining the Silent Wheelmen.

Tenfold.

First, the company of one another.

Second, pleasant runs mapped out by a competent Captain, who directs them.

This alone would be enough to induce deaf cyclists to join, but it isn't. There are other benefits to be derived by becoming members, but space will not permit me to give them at this time.

A looking glass placed on the handle bar of one's wheel, will, it is true, enable a deaf wheelman to see what is going on behind him during day time, but what earthly use will it do at night. The deaf

wheelman who suggested the idea should think again.

What's the matter with John F. O'Brien and his wheel? New riders all the time. J. F. O'Brien.
A. QUAD.

Tesla Confident.

Nikola Tesla, the inventor, has in his little shop on East Houston street, a machine which he believes will revolutionize telegraphy.

"Five years ago," said Tesla, when seen in his laboratory yesterday, "I demonstrated the fact that wires were not needed for the transmission of the electric current from point to point, and since that time I have been constantly experimenting with methods for putting my theories into practical effect."

"I have centered my efforts in producing a disturbance in the electrical currents of the earth itself. And I have succeeded."

"A single electric signal can be sent around the earth, by known ordinary means in one-sixteenth of a second. By the instruments this can be done in one-forty-eighth of a second."

"No wires are necessary to send telegraphic messages to any distance. The message is projected by producing a disturbance of the electric fluids of the earth, and it is felt at all points of the earth because the fluid is incompressible, and transmits its impressions equally without the need of directing the course of a such message. Anybody in any part of the world possessing a receiver and the key to the code used can read the message. A person in the centre of the plains of Africa or at the North Pole, in Australia or in San Francisco, can read the message projected from London or New York as easily as a person on the next block to the place of projection. It will be quite as easy to communicate with a ship in mid-ocean or a traveller at the North Pole."

"It is probable that a number of central stations will be established at great distances, for instance, the capital cities of countries and great centers of industry and commerce. From these stations the messages, private, public and news, will be projected by code to each other and transmitted to sub-stations and receiving offices all over the world."

"I am not, of course, prepared at present to make public any description of my paraphernalia, but I can say that I have mastered the secret, and it will not be very many months before telegraphic communication, say with a ship in mid-ocean, unconnected by wires of any kind with land, will be a matter of ease."

"No, by my method, there can be no impediment to the transmission of a message. By all methods except mine, houses, hills and trees are impediments. These do not affect mine in the least."—*N. Y. News.*

WARREN CO., OHIO, ITEMS.

The season so far has been far from favorable as a whole, for getting farm work done, though the weather has been the most favorable in years for the teams (or doing the work on account of the cool weather. May was cold and wet in the first half of the month and much of the oats was put in very late, though most of the oats is generally sown in April and much of it was this year. Not in many years was corn planted so late as it was this spring; indeed there was a few persons, who have corn to plant yet. Much of it is just coming up and not any cultivating done as far as I know. Early planted potatoes are up and being worked. Wheat is promising; and in very low places some of it was hurt by the late frosts. Grass had a fine growth early in the season, but from resulting from cold dry weather, the latter part of May and first part of June. It has been extremely warm for the last one week, and as a result complained only a few days is coming up so suddenly. (This is will be interesting for the mute farmers to read, and those who subscribe to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.) Mr. W. J. Clayton has been in Ohio for 14 years, from New York; where he had secured work as a printer for one year. He accepted a position as a clerk in the tea store, and also a driver of the delivery wagon for three years. He used to run the engine and roasted coffee most of the time. Afterwards he engaged in farming for several years, and is still on the farm of Banks Dakin, where he has been for ten years. Messrs. B. Dakin and W. J. Clayton are busily engaged in cultivating fifty acres of corn, second crop before they harvest the wheat and hay in a week or two. Mr. W. J. Clayton looks much better than he was at Lexington Avenue school, being much stouter. Mr. Rion Hoel and wife, Wm. De Silver, of Loveland, and Miss Verna Carr took a pleasure ride to Dakin's place, and had a enjoyable call on Mr. Dakin and wife last Sunday P.M. Miss V. Carr has been a guest of R. Hoel and wife for two weeks, and left for

Dayton yesterday, to make her chum a cheerful visit before she goes home in a week, to resume housework for her mother.

Mr. John Hines and wife, of Jeffersonville, went to see Mr. and Mrs. Ancil, of Sabina, and remained there for three days. They accompanied Mrs. Ancil to pay Mr. and Mrs. B. Dakin, a jolly visit. GUIDE.

THE UNEDUCATED DEAF.

Those on whom devolve the duty and responsibility of providing for the education of the deaf sometimes neglect to do so in a sufficiently comprehensive degree; but if those in authority but fully realized the vast difference in the status of an uneducated deaf person as compared with that of an uneducated hearing person, they would be more prompt and liberal in supplying adequate educational facilities for the former. An uneducated hearing man, if of average natural intelligence, readily acquires a very considerable vocabulary; he easily, and without any effort on his part, or any special instruction on the part of others, learns the names and characteristics of every kind of object that comes within his observation; is able to express his thoughts freely and intelligibly, and by means of converse with others he has a pretty thorough knowledge of all matters that pertain to his own immediate interests; and though he may not be able to read a word, he can, through others, ascertain in a general way what is transpiring throughout the world, and can hold constant and intelligent converse with his friends and others with whom he may come into contact. He can take part in the various activities of life, can discharge in a creditable manner all the duties and responsibilities devolving upon him, and may even rise to positions of trust and honor, and, despite his limitations, may thoroughly enjoy life in nearly all its phases. His moral nature, also, may be fully developed, his religious convictions may be deep, sincere and accurate, and he is quite capable of understanding and performing his duty to God and man.

How vastly different from this is the condition and the lot of an uneducated deaf man. With but few exceptions, he lives in a state of blank, impenetrable ignorance and awful isolation. His want of knowledge is not merely comparative but practically absolute. He does not know the names of the commonest object of every-day use, and his knowledge of what goes on around about him is limited to what he actually sees with his own eyes, since he cannot receive ideas or information from others nor convey ideas or wishes to them, except his commonest wants which he may express in pantomime. Unable to hold converse with others because of his entire lack of language, he lives a life of loneliness quite inconceivable to hearing people. Of the general events transpiring throughout the world he must remain in absolute ignorance, since he cannot read and possesses no language by which he can communicate with his friends. The whole of Europe might be deluged with blood, or half of the inhabitants of the earth destroyed by pestilence or earthquakes or famine, and he would know nothing of it, for there is no way in which any ideas foreign to his experience can be conveyed to him. And while he may not be immoral in practice he is to a large extent quite unmoral, since he can have but a very limited apprehension of the concept of right and wrong; and he can know nothing of the existence of a God or of a hereafter, nor even that he has a soul, nothing of religious thought or sentiment, except such faint intuitive ideas on such matters as may be inherent in mankind. To him life is an unsolvable enigma, and death a dread and fathomless mystery. And so he lives his blank, joyless existence, never hearing the sweet sounds of human speech, never knowing the delight of the communion of friend with friend, never feeling within him the pulsations of an awakening and developing intelligence, never realizing the comfort of consonant human sympathy nor the consolations afforded by religion; and at the end he passes through the gates of death with no conception of what it means, and no hope or knowledge of aught beyond. An existence such as this is terrible to contemplate, sad and pathetic beyond description or even conception; yet to such an existence is condemned every deaf-mute for the education of whom adequate facilities are no provided. It is to be hoped that no longer, either in this land or any other, the opportunity will be denied every deaf-mute of acquiring that golden strand of language, which though so easily and inexpensively secured, will serve as the clue that will guide its possessor out of this labyrinth of mental ignorance, moral blankness and religious stagnation, and open up to him all the bounteous store of the wisdom of this world and the assurance of the joys of the world that is to come—*Canadian Mute.*

NEW YORK.

A Good Fourth-of-July Picnic.

NOW FOR THE EXCURSION.

Next Wednesday is the Time --Happenings in and Around Greater New York.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. L. Lounsbury's address is 230 East 50th Street, New York City.

The picnic given by the German Society of Deaf-Mutes, at Woodside Park, on the "Fourth," held on Monday, the 5th, was a successful affair, as the Germans view it. The Park was not very large, but that entertainment and a place of congregation was furnished, is in itself sufficient to give it the brand of "success," inasmuch as when the affair closed, there was found about fifteen dollars on the credit side, which was more than expected, while all they cared for was to have a good time and make both ends meet.

The affair opened early, one o'clock bringing the first party, although the members of the society had arrived by noon and had dinner.

There were probably about two hundred there between the opening and closing hours, and they enjoyed themselves in divers ways incident to a picnic. The lone swing in the park was well used and there were regrets that there were not more. Messrs. Nibler and Mayer dispensed liquid refreshments, and filled 'em up in better style than they do at Coney.

H. Eschert was the faithful ticket man, while G. Lindemann was lord of all he surveyed, as chairman. It is just to say that the society was very liberal in all respects, and strove to please all.

Towards three o'clock, the Silent Wheelmen arrived after a run to Jamaica, and a slow race was run by them. Captain Le Clercq won, having made one lap of the park in four minutes and ten seconds. He got the cash prize and an imported beer mug. Pres. Soper was second, 3.10; W. Long, third, 2.50; M. Glynn, fourth, 2.15; J. Alexander, fifth, 2.10. Time was not taken of the others.

Wm. Panzler won the bowling match, scoring 82 points, capturing an ink-stand, while W. G. Shanks scored 52 points, being second and getting what I believe is a "German mug"—at least my informant made the sign of "German" in connection with the mug. I am sure he didn't say "pug."

It was not until a late hour that the picnic was over, and judging from the many persons there, it is evident they appreciated the efforts of the society to get up the affair on that day, that they might have a place where to meet friends. Fireworks were set off and altogether, it was a jolly Fourth of July picnic.

A good many of the deaf visited the house on Second Street, where the butchery of Max Guldensuppe is supposed to have taken place.

And now for the excursion!

You all know what this means. A delightful sail, and hours on land where a picnic is had. The Union League has built up a reputation in this line, and it is not necessary to say much.

Next Wednesday, July 14th, is the date, and those who miss it, miss the event of the summer season.

A pleasant sail up the picturesque Hudson, and a thousand souls to mingle with, all for fifty cents per person.

For particulars of landing places, see advertisement on the last page, and be sure you don't oversleep yourself on this particular day. The "Myndert Starin" won't wait for the tardy ones.

Robert McVea would advise deaf wheelmen going to Jamaica on Locust Avenue to lookout for tacks. He had to call some tape and the pump into use Monday. When near Woodside the rim of his front wheel broke, and he sat on the road.

W. S. Abrams was out on an all-nickel wheel Sunday, bound for Bronx Park. Willie did not reach Bronx Park. The cause of his quitting the trip, was that he ran into another wheelman, neither of which could thenceforth proceed their respective ways, owing to invalid wheels. In going a mile, Willie makes just 650 semi-circles and occasionally a whole circle, and involuntarily sits down in the centre.

Tony, our only Tony Capelli, has the best wheel on earth. He says so, and knows what he is talking about. He did not go on the last run because his wheel was in too good a condition. The mounting nut split under one of his heavily pointed puns.

Mrs. George Bothner has gone to Albany, N. Y., for a week's stay with her daughter, Mrs. M. R. Palmer.

The mother of Miss Dora Labishner died last week.

Peter Redington fell three stories while at work in Queens Co., L. I., last week, and received injuries which which were not very bad, however, owing to soft ground, but was cut in the head. A physician happened along on a bicycle and dressed the wound with three stitches and bandages. He is at work again.

J. Stauch is sporting what he believes to be a \$100 diamond.

The little boy of Mr. and Mrs. George Taggard was christened last week George K. Taggard.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet sailed for Europe Tuesday, this week.

Going to the excursion next Wednesday? Everybody is going.

Miss Fannie M. Taggard is going to Belmar, N. J., with her parents, on Saturday, July 10th.

TED.

BALTIMORE.

The Baltimore Literary Society held its last meeting at the Society Hall last Wednesday evening. An interesting programme was carried out. The biographical sketch of "Robin Hood," by Mr. H. T. Reamy, increased our stock of general knowledge. The essay on "Old Glory," or the American Flag," by Mr. Branflick. He said that there are forty large factories in this country making the flags and employ 20,000 men and girls. One flag is worth from one cent to one thousand dollars. Mr. Whildin read the news of the week, which was very interesting and amusing.

The debate upon the question, "Is Deafness a Bar to Success in Life?" was argued pro and con by Messrs. J. H. Mooney and J. Smith on the affirmative side, while Messrs. Wm. McElroy and J. Kampe represented the negative. The points brought out by both sides were very strong, but the affirmative side carried off the best of the argument, according to the judge's decision. "A Wooden Indian" was the subject of a dialogue given by Messrs. J. W. Briscoe, P. C. Boss and Geo. Baron and was very creditable. Mr. George Leitner rendered "Great Claus and Little Claus," which wound up the programme and closed the meeting.

The Baltimore Literary Society has gone into recess for two months. The committee wisely decided to give the members this respite during the summer.

The crusade against big hats has scored its first success. We tip our hats to Misses Adele Addison and Iola Pettit and Isabella Shipley, who took the initiative in removing their bonnets at the literary entertainment. Ladies, come to think of it; if you will kindly lay aside your obstructive high headgear at an entertainment, the others behind you will not have to wring their necks so hard and often in a vain effort to get a clear view of the platform.

Mr. Robert Underwood, after visiting his sweetheart and Point Breeze, Gwynn Oak Park, Electric Park and other places, went to Philadelphia again yesterday. Bob, which is the prettiest park, Electric Park or Woodside Park of your city?

Mr. H. Anderson, who has been out of employment in this city, received a letter from his brother of New York, telling him to come, as he secured a position for him. Mr. H. Anderson went to New York last Friday and we hope he will stay there for all the time, and, dear Hannie, stick to your new position.

The members of the Methodist Church will have an excursion down the bay on July 16th. A good time is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry are anticipating a trip to Ocean Grove, with their daughter, Miss Annie Barry, in about two weeks.

Mr. Harry Benson is booked to pitch two games for Glenrock and New Freedom respectively, on July 5th.

Mr. Frank Leitner, supervisor of the boys in the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, is expected to be in Baltimore next week. He is spending his time visiting friends somewhere in the central part of Pennsylvania.

July 4, '97. MYRTLE.

President Porter, of Yale, once gave the following advice to the students of that institution: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool; Pluck is a hero. Don't take too much advice—keep at the helm and steer your own ship and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, go over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Energy and invincible determination, with a right motion, are the levers that move the world."

CHICAGO.

A Pitiful Case Brought to Light.

"GIB." IS NOT A BASEBALL PROPHET.

News of the Week.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

Miss Henrietta Burkhardt has gone to her old home in Northern New York for a protracted stay.

Messrs. Frank Jackson, of Rockford, Ill., and Waldo H. Rothert, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, spent a few days in the city last week, on their way home from college.

Miss Vandegrift, of Minnesota, was also here a few days, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty and the Waymans.

During her stay a tennis party at Washington Park, given by Mrs. Dougherty, and a lawn party at the Waymans, were given in her honor. She left for home Thursday last.

The erstwhile New Yorker, A. Stein, is enjoying a good trade at his own tailor shop at 5613 Wentworth Ave. He numbers quite a few of our deaf citizens among his customers.

A baby boy lately arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Beaman.

Monday evening the 28th, ult., Mr. and Mrs. Hasenstab and Misses Conkling, Rhodes, and Gabler, were the guest of H. M. Cook at his rooms in the Chicago University, there also being present two fellow students of Mr. Cook's. This being Mr. Cook's last term at the University, he having left for his home in Pittsburg this week, the affair was a sort of farewell reception. From one of the young ladies present, I gather that a very enjoyable evening was had by them all, a well loaded table being the *piece de resistance* of the room. Mr. Cook intends to later on resume his studies at a college in Peoria, Ill., with the object of ultimately becoming a Baptist minister to the deaf.

A pitiful case has lately been brought to my notice, and if this item, in which I explain what it is, does any good I shall feel not a little pleased. There is in this city a deaf mute girl of 14, who is motherless and has been deserted by her father and brother. She has up to this time been living with a deaf couple, but they do not wish to keep her longer, and unless some one will take her in (her services being, of course, at the disposal of any such person) for the rest of the summer, she will have to be sent to the poorhouse at Dunning. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab has done what he could for her, but up to this time has found no home for her. In the fall she can be sent to Jacksonville to school. If any one feels disposed to investigate this deserving case. I would urge them to either write or see Rev. Mr. Hasenstab at once. His address is 2936 South Park Ave., Chicago.

John Schnitz, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, has secured a position here as lithographer.

Miss Eliza Gabler is making her home with the Hasenstabs for the summer.

A newcomer in town is a German deaf-mute, named Louis Schmitt. He has secured work at wood turning.

Oscar Thorsell is the latest recruit to the ranks of the Pas-a-Pas Wheelmen. His joining brings the roster up to 31, and there are more coming if their intentions as voiced at the club meeting Saturday are any indication. (Did you speak, "Ted"?)

"Ted" is nothing if not inventive. See him trying to fill up his allotted space by quoting me on baseball predictions? I have not said a word on that subject this year, especially where the Chicago club is concerned, and don't care to. The club above mentioned needs no remarks from me as to its prospects of winning the pennant this year. It is lower down than New York, but, mark you, "Ted," neither of them will be within grabbing distance of the flag at the end of the season. That much-prized piece of cloth goes to Baltimore, Boston or Cincinnati, if I am anything of a judge of appearances.

The Pas-a-Pas club will during the coming reunion of the Illinois alumni entertain the visitors with a reception at the Saratoga hotel, and also give an excursion to Milwaukee Saturday, August 28th, on the whaleback, Christopher Columbus. The excursion will be an all-day affair, leaving her about 9 A.M., and returning at 10 A.M., allowing three hours in Milwaukee for sight-seeing.

H. Carrington Anderson, of Indianapolis, was a visitor at the club rooms Saturday.

Messrs. Kaufman and Schuttler made the run to Milwaukee on their wheels Saturday, staying over Sunday.

The Rev. Mr. Hasenstab officiated at the marriage of H. W. Whitmore and Miss Gertrude Wells, at Mishawaka, Ind., June 30th.

Mrs. P. J. Hasenstab and baby Grace leave for Elliott, Ill., Thursday, on a visit to Mrs. Hasenstab's old home.

The full program for the coming reunion is to be given out this week, the local committee having completed all arrangements.

W. H. McMillan has abandoned the bicycle business and returned to his lathé—wood turning.

Mrs. F. G. Jefferson has gone to make her home with her brother in Canada.

J. E. Gallaher left for Milwaukee on the Steamer Indiana Sunday night, and will not return until the 8th inst. He was summoned by a telegram from Miss McCowen, the principal of the local day schools, who desired him to assist her in arranging the exhibit of the pupils of the schools of this city. As the 7th inst. will be devoted to be Round Table of Teachers of the Deaf, Mr. Gallaher decided to stay until the following day. All the teachers of the local schools went a day or so later.

F. P. G.

How Hoy was "Discovered."

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

An item is going the rounds wherein it is stated that Ted Sullivan first discovered Hoy and gave him his first professional engagement. I showed the item to the mute, and requested him to jot down the details of how the discovery was made, and this is what he said:

"Ted Sullivan has discovered a good many ball players and started them in their professional careers, but it happens that he did not discover me. Instead of him discovering me I really discovered him paradoxical as it may seem. In the early spring of 1895, with hayseed in my hair and dressed in the garb of a country boy, I left my father's farm near Findlay, Ohio, and boarded a train for Wisconsin, my intention being to try and catch on with one of the clubs in the newly formed Northwestern League. Milwaukee being the nearest town, I naturally went there first. I hunted up the manager of the team, and found him to be none other than the now famous and irrepressible Ted Sullivan. Taking out my pad and pencil I asked:

"Can you give me a trial with your team?"

"An illy concealed smile stole over his face as he looked me over from head to foot. Finally he wrote:

"Are you deaf and dumb?"

"I pleaded guilty to being deaf, but denied being dumb. The idea of a mute playing professional ball evidently struck him as being rather unique if not decidedly ridiculous, as he next asked me how I proposed to get into the decisions of the umpire, particularly on balls and strikes, and how I was to avoid being made a monkey of on the bases, when I could not hear the coaches. I told him that would all be made plain enough to him during a trial, if he chose to give me one. The next day I was told to come out to the ball grounds. The day happened to be a wet one, and nobody was at the grounds except the groundkeeper and Ted himself. He motioned me to put on my baseball togs and wade out to the field. For about half an hour he vainly tried to knock the ball over my head. Finally he motioned me to come in. He spoke to me in a loud tone, forgetting my stone deafness. Realizing his mistake, he took the bat and scribbled in the damp sand:

"How much?"

"Seventy-five," said I, making it out in a mud puddle with the heel of my shoe. He shook his head and described the figures '60' in the mud, and slammed down the bat, meaning that he would pay '60' per month, and positively no more. That night I left for the next town—Oshkosh. The Oshkosh Club people with the late Billy Harrington as manager proved to be more liberal. They gave me a brief trial, and Harrington, fearing to lose me, produced a blank contract on top of a lumber pile and secured my signature to the first baseball contract I ever signed. It was at \$75 per month, but within three months it was changed to \$150 per month. I signed again with Oshkosh for the following year. We won the pennant, and the team attracted the attention of managers in the East. That fall Mr. Sullivan secured me, together with Wilnot, for Washington, and here is where Sullivan's discovery of me comes in."

The Spot Was Sore.

"If you make any more noise I will whip you on the spot!"

"Please don't, pa; the spot is sore from the whipping you gave me yesterday."—*Truth*.

PHILADELPHIA.

To Establish a School for Catholic Deaf-Mutes.

WHY NOT A HOME FOR THE AGED?

Events that Require Congratulatory Remarks--Items of Interest.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

In an address before the De l'Epee Catholic Deaf-Mutes' Association last Sunday night, which was translated into the sign-language by Rev. Father Whelan, Archbishop Ryan gave the first public intimation of a project only second in importance to the Protectors for Boys, now being constructed at Faddlands, Montgomery County. This is the construction of a home and school for deaf-mutes who have now no place under the care of the Catholic Church where they can go. In his address the archbishop said that as soon as he could lift the burden of the Protectors somewhat from the shoulders of the people, he would begin another great work—that of an institution for the Catholic deaf and dumb.

It is understood that this great undertaking has been under consideration by the archbishop for a long time, and his recognition by his "silent lambs," as he calls them, at the Pennsylvania Institution at Mount Airy during his recent jubilee hastened the announcement of his plans.

There are but two institutions in this country similar to the one contemplated, one of these being in the archbishop's old diocese, that of St. Louis.

The above is from the Philadelphia *Call*, issue of July 2d. It is plain, significant, and not a little surprising, although it is known that the threat of such an undertaking has been hinted at long since. We do not question the right of the Roman Catholic Church to establish such an institution. It is more a question of its expediency or necessity. From a Catholic standpoint it is undoubtedly considered affirmatively. From a general standpoint, there is absolutely no need of the additional school, in view of the great facilities offered by the two large State schools, the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf. Herein is where it is most surprising. Unless we have been misinformed, concession upon concession, and the greatest latitude consistent with the impartial management of the Mt. Airy School, has been granted by the authorities to the Catholic Church for the religious training of the pupils of its faith. Yet the Catholic people do not seem satisfied with these privileges.

Besides expressing our opinion, we raise no objection to the establishment of such a sectional institution. It may draw an hundred or so of pupils from the two State institutions, narrow the sphere of their lives, and perhaps effect a saving to the State in the cost of their education, for the State of Pennsylvania does not support sectional schools. A home for the indigent, aged, and infirm deaf of the Catholic faith, seems much more in need, and should come first. Heretofore, several Catholic deaf here have taken advantage of the liberality of All Souls' Mission, while the Mission received nothing in return from them. We should like to see the poor Catholic deaf cared for. For this a home is most desirable. The Mt. Airy Institution is not such a home, but it offers through the liberality of the State, the boon of an education to Protestant and Catholic deaf alike. Then the Church should first provide a home and let the school wait until its existence becomes a real necessity.

The Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf is entirely non-sectarian, and aims to benefit the deaf of all creeds, in Pennsylvania. Its principle object is to found and maintain a home for the aged, infirm, and blind deaf of the State, of whatever creed, and some three thousand dollars have already been collected towards it. Thus it appears that this State may some day have two homes for the deaf, and two is not too many.

Frequent comment has been made in the deaf press lately, about a possible emergency, from lack of State aid, in opening the Mt. Airy School next Fall. The burning of the State Capitol, last winter, entailed a great loss to the State, and, in consequence, the Governor insists upon a policy of rigid economy. Many charitable institutions suffer by it, including hospitals and other worthy institutions, and even the school appropriation is to be reduced by about a million dollars. Notwithstanding these facts, no fears need now be entertained about the closing of the State schools for the deaf, for sufficient sums have been appropriated to keep school open, with due economy, for the next two terms.

The Mt. Airy School is said to have asked for \$275,000 and has had appropriated \$240,000. The Western Pennsylvania School asked for \$160,000 and receives \$100,000. We have lost the figures of the Scranton School, and can only say that of the sum asked for it received a proportionate reduction.

While these appropriations have passed the Legislature, we are not sure that the Governor has given them his approval, but it is believed that he will, on account of the large reductions made.

Once more we celebrate the glorious Fourth, but on the fifth day. City Councils appropriated the sum of \$15,000 for celebrations in various parts of the city. A good time is anticipated by the deaf generally. Instead of coming together in a mass, they will form small parties and enjoy the day in different localities, there being numerous attractions. We may have something to say about their celebrations in our next letter.

There was quite a large attendance at the rooms of the Clerc Literary Association, last Thursday evening. The evening was spent in a social way. The Executive Committee held a short meeting, at which it was decided to close the rooms on Saturday evenings, as the attendance on these evenings does not warrant the expense of keeping open. The rooms will continue open on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Mr. F. C. Smielan is now with us, having come early last week. He has been licensed as a Lay-Reader here. After a while, he will relieve Mr. Reider as active lay-reader at All Souls' Church, and the latter will merely act as a substitute.

Brewster R. Allabough, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, is visiting the scenes of his boyhood days in Montgomery and Philadelphia Counties, and, of course, his friends are glad to see him again. You would have to open his mouth and examine his teeth to see any change in his appearance. He made the trip east by rail as far as Harrisburg and the rest of the way a wheel. Mr. Leitner, who intended to accompany him through here, was forced to continue his trip by rail from Harrisburg on account of an injured hand. Mr. Allabough's own dream of a swift and smooth spin into the arms of his friends was rather disappointing, for when about seven miles from the Capitol, he discovered a crack in the handle bar of his bicycle just in time to avert an accident. He continued the trip as best he could then, and secured a new handle at some large place on the way, completing the trip in about eight hours.

Now, for the babies! Mr. John O'Neill, of Phoenixville, Pa., was presented with a girl baby by his wife, on June 2d. Mother and child are doing splendidly.

Mr. William C. Shepherd, of this city, has a "little lord" added to his family. His lordship arrived on June 19th, in such a quiet way that we just heard of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bell are the proud parents of a little girl, which first saw the light of day on July the second.

And now, congratulations! Master Lee Ziegler, of Carlisle, Pa., is spending the Fourth here with his uncle, Robert M. Ziegler. On Friday and Saturday last, they were visiting Atlantic City. Both uncle and nephew expect to leave for Carlisle on Tuesday of this week.

A special meeting of the Board of Managers, of the P. S. A. D., was held at the residence of the Rev. J. M. Koehler, in Germantown, last Saturday evening. H. E. Stevens, the Secretary-elect, was qualified, and certain arrangements of the coming Erie Convention were discussed.

Miss Maria L. Lentz goes to Lebanon County this week to spend the summer with her brother, Mr. John C. Lentz.

Jacob H. Knoedler, of Trevorton, Pa., is visiting here over the Fourth.

John M. Wismer, of West Philadelphia, is engaged to be married to Miss Della P. Robinson, of Line Lexington, Montgomery County.

Thos. E. Jones is enjoying a visit from his father.

Herbert and Edward, children of Mrs. M. J. Syle, are spending the summer in England.

J. S. R

A DEAF-MUTE RIFLEMAN.

A HANDSOME WEAPON.

Menominee, Mich., Leader, June 25.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. recognizing in Capt. "Jack" O'Connell the most skilled exponent of expert marksmanship in the world have presented him with a magnificent gold and silver mounted gun. On one side is engraved the motto Capt. "Jack" hold me, guide me, then tell me true if you love me as I love you "your dearie." And on the reverse side, "Com. pliments of Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A. "1897." This beautiful gun is now on exhibition in the window of Christopherson & Amundsen's jewelry store.

TRICKS WITH THE RIFLE.

Comical indeed were the efforts of Dr. Byron Taylor, to stand on his neck Friday evening imitating a difficult trick that of "Capt. Jack's." Capt. Jack knows how to entertain the boys, and has been voted a good fellow by many of the most prominent business men in the city who can be found at his gallery every evening, it makes one marvel at the wonderful degree of perfection attained by him with a rifle; that evening he fired fifteen shots into a twelve inch circle in three seconds actual time caught by half a dozen watches. O'Connell can shoot, as true standing on his head as most men can on their feet.

COLUMBUS.

Removating the School Interiors.

A BIG CONFLAGRATION AVERTED.

A Picnic--Baseball-Surprise Party--And Other Notes.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

As our well-known and genial A. B. G. left last Tuesday with the Christian Endeavorers for San Francisco, W. F. S. will endeavor to do his best in reporting the various doings of Ohio's deaf-mutes.

When school closed Wednesday, June 9th, all the children left for home except seven boys, who remained, intending to paint a good deal of the inside of the school building, being paid, of course. They are Frank Ellerhorst, Daniel Whitehead, Ezra Hodges, Henry Kibler, R. L. Rose, Clarence Jones and Wilhelm Schneider. The former quit and left for home last Sunday, and within a month all will be gone except the latter two. The dining-room was the first to be painted, then the boys' and girls' B dormitory, and after that the C dormitories. As soon as these are finished the D dormitories and corridors follow. The walls and ceiling are receiving four coats of snow white paint, and the wainscoting and other woodwork will be grained. The work is being pushed forward very rapidly. Besides the painters there are other persons employed in giving the interior a decidedly different appearance from what it had, and the children will be greatly astonished at the many new improvements when they return to their old haunts September 8th.

Last Sunday, after dinner, the officers and employees were quietly lounging about the buildings when a sudden alarm of fire startled them all from their quiet repose. In an instant every one in the building rushed to the chapel, where it was indicated to be, and found an adjoining room filled with smoke. One of the painters was found putting buckets full of water on a heap of smouldering ashes on the floor. According to reports the said room contained a waste basket filled with paper and such stuff.

Some half-burnt matches were thrown into the basket by a careless person which ignited the contents. Before the alarm was sounded the basket was literally burnt to the floor. Fortunately it stood in the middle of the room therefore the varnished wainscoting escaped catching fire. This was not the first time a conflagration was narrowly averted.

The picnic to be held at Meyer Lake, July 5th, is intended for a very worthy purpose, and no doubt the number of mutes to be present will be quite large. But strange is it indeed that from Columbus, which contains a large deaf-mute community, only one person, Miss Edith Biggam, will be present. A large number intended to go, but as the fare and hotel expenses ran very high, they had to abandon their intention. Miss Biggam has relatives in Canton, and that is the chief purpose of her going.

We still have baseball galore on the Institution grounds. Every day of the week boys from the city may be seen playing on our grounds, and Saturdays the team representing the Institution plays a game with an outside team. It reminds one of school days when our diamond was the scene of many a fiercely contested struggle for the mastery. Last Saturday there was a game with a picked nine, our boys winning the laurels. The score stood 7 to 12. Kennedy, Dan, Whitehead, Patton and Hedges, did some fine batting on our side. A similar game came off a week before in which our boys were the victors.

Ezra Hedges and Frank Ellerhorst took advantage of an excursion to Cincinnati last Sunday. While sight-seeing they accidentally fell in with a lot of mutes departing for Miss Anna Hank's home, where they tendered her a pleasant surprise party, it being the occasion of her birthday. They found no end of amusement and declared that their sides were almost fit to split. They had a visit to the Zoo and other attractive places before the former returned to Columbus, the latter remaining at home.

Superintendent Jones gave notice in the papers two weeks ago that he wished to have the front of the Institution painted, and calling upon painters to make bids. It is to be painted a light yellow. The lowest bidder has been secured and work has commenced on it.

Mr. Albert H. Schory leaves Saturday for Canton, where he is to make an address of welcome at

the Meyer Lake picnic. Prior to this event he will skip to his mother's at Minerva and after the picnic will spend the remainder of the summer there.

T. Franklin Goldsmith came down from Grove City last week with his kodak. Says he has been photographing a good deal. He is not one of those kodak fiends that are continually on the trail of the fairer sex.

Mr. Cook and his cousin came down Sunday on their bikes. They viewed the school and the city which they had not seen for years.

Besides picturesque Olentangy there is another park in Columbus—Minerva Park. Sunday evenings it is open to the public and a good many mutes go there to pass the time with Nature.

Miss Mary Fowles, who is very popular among the hearing ladies of Columbus, was invited to accompany a select number on a trolley car party.

These days are sweltering hot and no body seems to escape continual perspiration.

W. F. S.

July 3, '97.

An Unknown Deaf-Mute.

STRANGE WANDERER IN THE HANDS OF CITY CHARITIES.

The Associated Charities has a problem on its hands in the form of a rather good-looking young woman, about eighteen years of age, who drifted into Milwaukee yesterday afternoon.

The girl is deaf and dumb, and can neither read nor write, so that Agent Frelson was unable to communicate with her to learn where she came from, or where she was going. The young woman had no money, and no clue could at first be found as to whence she had come.

After considerable discussion that developed in greater perplexity as it proceeded, between the agent and several charitable woman who were present, the expedient of searching the girl's baggage was hit upon. This produced a letter, written in a rather uncertain and apparently unaccustomed hand. The contents implied that the girl had been in some school in North Detroit and Mr. Frelson surmised that she was on her way home to her father, whose name, as gathered from the letter, is David Frand, and who is thought to live at Cottonwood, Minn., a town in the far north woods of the North Star State. From the letter it is supposed the girl's name is Martha Frand, but as she has never in her life heard her name, and cannot be communicated with, no information can be had from her on the point.

The girl is well dressed, shows evidences of good care, and appears to feel no apprehension at the situation in which she finds herself. How she got here is a mystery, as she must have come through Chicago and changed trains there. After a period of doubt on the part of Agent Frelson it was decided to send the girl to the Home for the Friendless, where she can be cared for until something can be learned of her connections and of the people who are responsible for her care and support.—*Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel*, June 25.

The Union League Excursion.

As the day set for the excursion of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Wednesday, July 14th, is near at hand, we desire to give a few facts of interest to our friends and the public.

The Club has engaged the Steamer "Myndert Starin," which will leave 31st Street, and East River at 9.15 A.M., South 6th Street, Williamsburgh, at 9.30 A.M., and 20th Street, and North River at 10.15 A.M., on July 14th.

We will have about 4½ hours sail on water and 5 hours on land. Forest View Park is situated on the west bank of the Hudson, about 24 miles from New York City.

In addition, a picturesque sail up the Rhine of America, so justly famous for its magnificent scenery, an opportunity nobody can afford to miss, and again, Forest View Park is surrounded with such scenery and is possessed of plenty of shade, ample refreshment accommodations, a large dancing pavilion, numerous tables, swings, rowboats, shooting, photograph galleries, etc. Prof. Davis orchestra will discourse the music.

Refreshments will be served on the boat, at prices within the means of all, by one of the first class caterers of New York City.

The Committee has gone to great expense in the undertaking.

They have arranged everything conducive to the welfare and pleasure of the excursionists.

Now is the time to show us that everybody appreciates our endeavors in the past, by attending our excursion on the 14th inst. Come one and all, and you will be welcomed.

Don't forget. Boat leaves East 31st Street, on July 14th, at 9.15 A.M., South 6th Street, Williamsburgh at 9.30 A.M., and West 20th Street, at 10.15 A.M.

THE COMMITTEE.

ST. LOUIS.

Willie Campbell is Still a Sprinter.

CHICAGO IS GREAT!

Gatherings from Here and There.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Campbell had a good time at the Cigar-Packers' Union picnic last week. Mr. Campbell wanted to enter the foot-race for men over forty years of age, but they would not take handsome, young-looking Willie to be of that vintage. He was disgusted, but deposited a dollar with his uncle to prove that he is no relative of Ananias. The bet was accepted by a friend of his, and his uncle replied that he used to hold Willie in his arms way back in '56. Besides winning the wager, he captured the race, and Arnhem, the Tailor, has measured his fleet pegs for a pair of trousers, which was the prize offered.

Friday, the following college students changed cars at the Union Station: Misses Clara Waters, Ethel Taylor, Alice Taylor, Mary Donnelly, Sarah Young and Messrs. Naughton, Bumgardner, Stewart, and Fellow Reak. Mr. Peter Hughes, who will be a "Duck" this Fall, introduced the beauties of Forest Park to Misses Ethel Taylor and Clara Waters, sandwiched with a visit to the Catholic School before they took the evening train.

A little tot asked me if I was going to the Barnum & Bailey show. I played the "innocent," and told him that I was going on a private \$2.00 three-day excursion to Chicago given by the employees of our railroad office. The day had not gone through when I was besieged with many applications for tickets, and it was like trying to knock down an elephant in explaining matters to them. O, great is Chicago!

Sam Perlmutter spent Sunday in Evansville, Ind. His mission was to look after his crop—no other than his intended Miss Yetta Mayer. The other day she had a bad fall from her wheel which inflicted a serious bruise on the bridge of her nose. The fair cyclist's wheeling days have been numbered.

Mrs. Henry Krigbaum (*nee* Ehlers), whose sensational marriage to the ex-Salvation Armyist is still fresh in St. Louis, is lying very sick at St. Luke's Hospital, caused, I have been told, by constant worrying over her mother's disowning and disinheriting her.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Grow's honeymoon will include a trip to New York City, and to Mr. Grow's parents in Maryland. They have engaged a eight-room dwelling in Fulton, near the Institution.

Mr. W. E. Hoy entertained a teacher from the Ohio Institution who was on his way to Colorado, at the Southern Hotel, Tuesday. My informant could not remember his name.

Marcus Kerr received several offers from an art concern in Cincinnati to work for them, and he may accept as the prices quite suit him.

Hugh P. Lamb is in the city, but does not show up at the various meeting places. His wife is still in Fulton.

PHIL. DEAN.

Events Under the Auspices of New York Societies.

July 14th—Excursion of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, to Forest View Park, up the Hudson.

July 31st—Outing of the League of Elect Surds (Fanwood Quad Club) to Highland Beach, New Jersey Coast. "Four hours on water and six on land."

August 14th—Afternoon and Evening Festival of the Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers, at Glendale Schuetzen Park, Brooklyn Borough.

September 11th—First Annual Picnic and Games of the Silent Wheelmen of Greater New York, at Fort Wendel, 194th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES. JULY 11th.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AT THREE P.M.

St. Ann's in Church of St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh.

FANWOOD.

Happenings of a Week at Fanwood.

MR. L. A. DIVINE MARRIED

Other News Notes of General Interest.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

Mr. Louis A. Divine, a graduate of the Nebraska Institution and Gallaudet College, who was for one year a tutor of the boys of this institution, but now a teacher in the Montana School for the Deaf, at Boulder, was married to Miss Ella M. Rudd, June 24th, at Omaha, Neb. The bride was a protegee of Supt. and Mrs. J. A. Gillespie, of the Nebraska Institution. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Divine will be at home, at Boulder, Montana, after the 15th of September. Here at the Institution, the friends of Mr. Divine join me in wishing Godspeed and a prosperous career in their journey through life.

The fourth of July, falling on Sunday this year, was celebrated on the following day, the little boys in the main building amused themselves in various ways, such as playing hand ball, and firing off powder crackers, and the older ones went to see the sights in the city. At noon those of the pupils, who remain here through the vacation were given an extra treat in the dining room. In the evening, under the charge of Tutor Burdick, they were permitted to see the fireworks that were set off by private residents along the Kingsbridge Road.

At a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in Newburyport, Mass., in celebration of the 122d Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, Mrs. Charles Masury, Honorary State Agent of Massachusetts, in closing a patriotic speech, presented to Mrs. Enoch G. Currier (the aged mother of Principal Currier), a golden souvenir spoon as evidence of the fact that her father was a Revolutionary soldier.

The article in our last issue touching upon the success of Prof. Jones's children, was in some instances a mistake, we here make a correction. His second eldest daughter, who passed a successful examination for admittance to the Normal College Freshman class, should have read introductory. The professor has informed us that his son Willie has received a free scholarship in Trinity College.

And now comes some more surprises from this family. Margaretta the third girl, eight years old, passed a successful examination and graduated from the Kindergarten department to enter the primary class of Grammar School No. 46.

Mr. Geo. S. Porter, of Trenton, N. J., and Mr. Samuel McClelland, of Mt. View, N. J., were here Tuesday, having wheeled the distance on their bicycles from their respective homes. The latter only remained a short time, leaving for home by train. The former remained till the next day. Thursday morning he left for Liberty, Sullivan County, N. Y., with his family.

Prof. Fox and Editor Hodgson, both now possess Columbia bicycles, and are seen during their leisure moments trying to surmount the difficulties of sitting in the saddle and pedaling along the highways. Alas! it seems easy enough to ride one of these machines, but you will find your mistake when it comes to doing it.

Tutor C. W. Van Tassel, Jr., returned from his four weeks' vacation Thursday, and Tutor Burdick leaves for his on Friday. He will spend his four weeks in various towns up the State, winding up with a sojourn on his father's farm in Essex, N. Y.

W. Watkins, who was given work to do chores around the institution and in the garden, when he was in indigent circumstances, three years ago, took french leave of his place without giving any official notice a week ago. He has since returned.

Matron Wilcox and son Curtis, Jr., left Monday for Vermont, the former to be gone two weeks and the latter probably all summer. They will rusticate on Mrs. Fuller's father's stock farm, located at Burlington.

Mr. Gomez, a former pupil here, who has been learning the shoe-maker's trade at the Mount Airy, Pa., school for the deaf, was a caller Thursday last. He has changed greatly since he was last seen here.

Tutor Shanks went to the German Deaf-Mute picnic at Woodside, L. I., and won second prize in the bowling contest. An ornamental inkstand with two glass ink holders was the prize he carried off.

The heat down in the city at present is simply unbearable, but up this way, the high temperature is somewhat diminished on account of a breeze from the Hudson, continually wafting across the grounds.

Mr. Roe Wilcox and Mr. A. Le Prince, left the institution, on Wednesday last, on their wheels, with Po'keepsie their destination, to witness the Intercollegiate boat races.

Mr. Philip Johnson, of Albany, N. Y., a former pupil here, was a caller on Tuesday. He has grown wonderfully since being a pupil, being six feet two in his shoes.

Principal Currier left Saturday last for Milwaukee, Wis., to be present at the National Educational Association Convention.

Night Supervisor King is off on his vacation now, and as a consequence, Mr. Hanson is left alone to watch the place.

Theodore I. Lounsbury came up on business on the 6th. Not on his wheel, as he did not have any one to accompany him.

Miss Annie Garrison spent the 5th at Long Island, part of the time spinning along the shade path on a tandem.

Mr. W. H. Van Tassel visited "Little Germany" on Independence Day, July 5th.

Ira W. Tyler was here on Tuesday. He came down on his Racycle.

A party of ladies from here were at Long Branch last Sunday.

Hot—yet we are keeping cool at Fanwood.

W. G. S.

WANTED.

HEARING MAN, unmarried, thirty-years of age and in good health desires position as teacher of the deaf. Has had nine years practical experience in State Schools with all grades. Will furnish highest references regarding character and ability. Correspondence invited. Address "Energy," care of DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. 24-4in.

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Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes.

The Convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes will be held in the Parish House, of Christ Church, Binghamton, on Friday and Saturday, July 23d and 24d, 1897.

Binghamton is a very pretty, well laid city, situated at the junction of the Susquehanna and Chenango Rivers, and it is surrounded by lovely hills. It has excellent railroad facilities. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Erie Roads are the two great thoroughfares between Buffalo and New York City; branches of the former are run from Oswego, Syracuse and Utica, while the latter makes close connection at Elmira with its road to Rochester, (or the shorter route, via the Northern Central Railway.) The Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.'s line from Albany has several trains a day. Connections are easily made with the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Waverly and Cortland. There are plenty of trains running every day, and those desiring to return home Saturday night or the next day will find several trains to choose from.

The local committee, Messrs. Charles Colgan, Fred King and James Lynch, will arrange for an excursion on Saturday, the 24th, and also be at the depots to direct arrivals to the hotels, or give information as to restaurants and lodging places.

The rates at the hotels are as follows:

Hotel Crandall \$2.00 per day.
Arlington Hotel \$2.00 double; \$2.50 single.
Hotel Bennett \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00
Lewis House \$2.00.
Lewis House, double (two in a bed) \$1.60.

Mr. Ranald Douglas has been chosen Official Photographer.

The headquarters of the Association will be at the Lewis House, which is quite near to the depots, as well as the Parish House of Christ Church.

PROGRAMME:

Programme for Friday Meeting to be called at 9.30 A.M.

1. Prayer.
2. Roll call.
3. Reading of minutes of last session.
4. President's address.
5. Reports of officers.
6. Reports of Committees.
7. Appointment of Committees.

If there is time before noon, the time will be devoted to reading papers and discussing them.

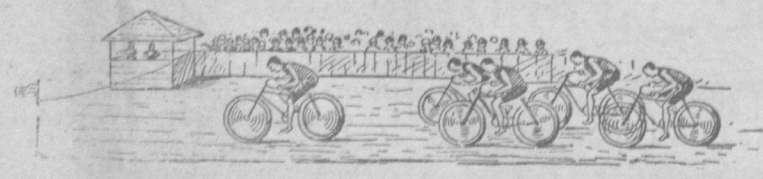
The afternoon session will begin at 2.30 P.M., with the following order:

1. Prayer.
2. Reading of papers and discussion.
3. Election of officers.
4. Adjournment.

At 7.30 P.M., there will be a service in Christ Church. All are cordially invited to attend.

T. H. JEWELL, President,
ROME, N. Y.

C. ORVIS DANTZER, Sec'y,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.


PICNIC AND GAMES
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Fine Music and Dancing

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COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

ANTHONY CAPELLI, Chairman,

JOHN FRANCIS O'BRIEN, THEO. IRVING LOUNSBURY.

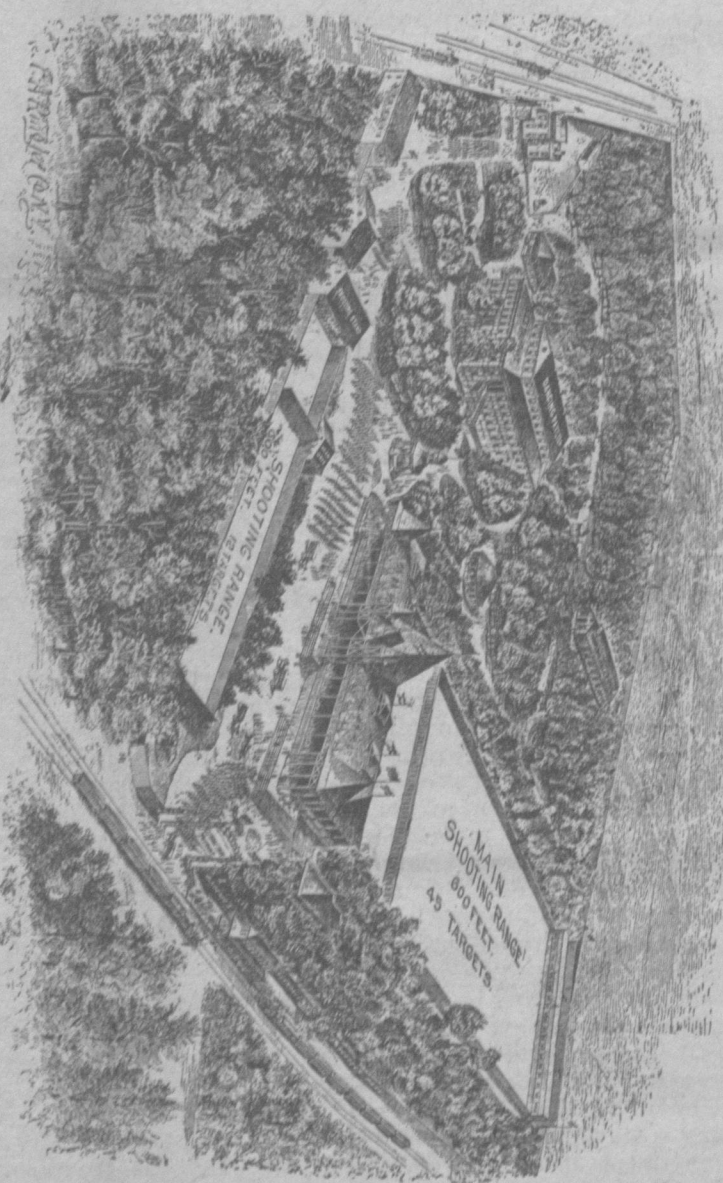


SECOND ANNUAL

Afternoon and Evening Festival

OF THE
BROOKLYN GUILD
OF
SILENT WORKERS

TO BE HELD AT



Glendale Schutzen Park,

Brooklyn Borough.

Saturday, -- August -- 14, 1897

MUSIC BY PROF. NOBS

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

There will be games for prizes. The events will be: Bicycle race, one mile run, sack race. Entries to games must be sent to the Chairman on or before August 10th.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

CHARLES E. GREEN, Chairman,

3 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn Borough.

LEO GREIS, HUGH CONLON.

DIRECTION—Take Gates, Myrtle, Buswick, Halsey Avenues and Grand Street cars from the Bridge and all ferries for one fare. Ask conductor for transfer from Ridgewood to Glendale Schutzen Park—no extra fare.

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SATURDAY, JULY 31, '97

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS
Children from 6 to 12, 35 cents

Steamer "Little Silver,"

Leaves Pier 58½ N. R., two blocks below 14th St., at 8.15 A.M. sharp. Battery Pier, at 8.48 A.M. sharp.

Leaves HIGHLAND BEACH, at 5 P.M. sharp.

If it rains, will be postponed to following Saturday, August 7, 1897.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

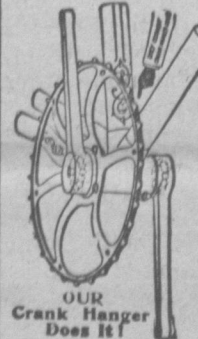
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to

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MUSIC BY PROF. H. I. DAVIS

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS
(Children under twelve years old, 25 cents.)

BOAT LEAVES:

EAST 31st STREET AT 9.15 A.M.

SOUTH 6th STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, 9.30 A.M.

WEST 20th STREET, 10.15 A.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

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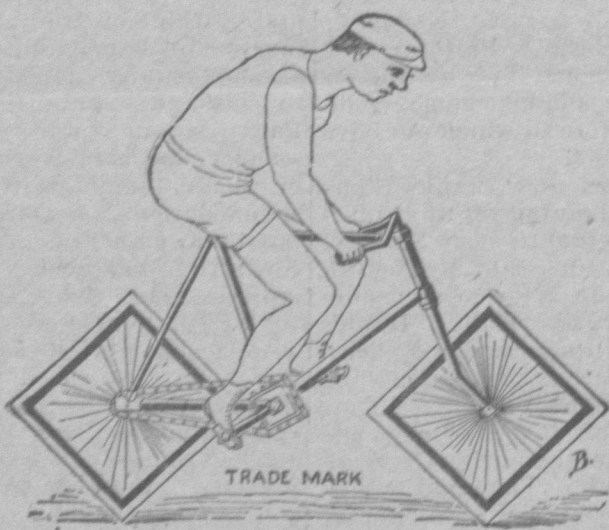
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